

Growing Down, Steam Resolved Into Water

Debut by the end
looking at the clock
it's been a long time that I
waited for you
living all your waste of promises at the gate
In a theater the act turns to illusion
The writer of this monologue offers
us a black book
and an heavy crown supported without a proof of
honesty
The grass still grow over
a worthless garden
where it's never pouring water
Photosentesis of sickness
Roses can't grow out of sand
We don't hear the wind singing on
the edge of a broken glass anymore
the pieces have been fixed
Blood fill the crack and heal like cement
call intention to a sentense without period
Asleep during a bird's final take off
his colored skin turned
cold too early
Stop hating me,
and set me free
I'm breaking
under your sky
I'm the cloud in your eyes
Anger rainsing from me
Your god can't see what a farewell can be